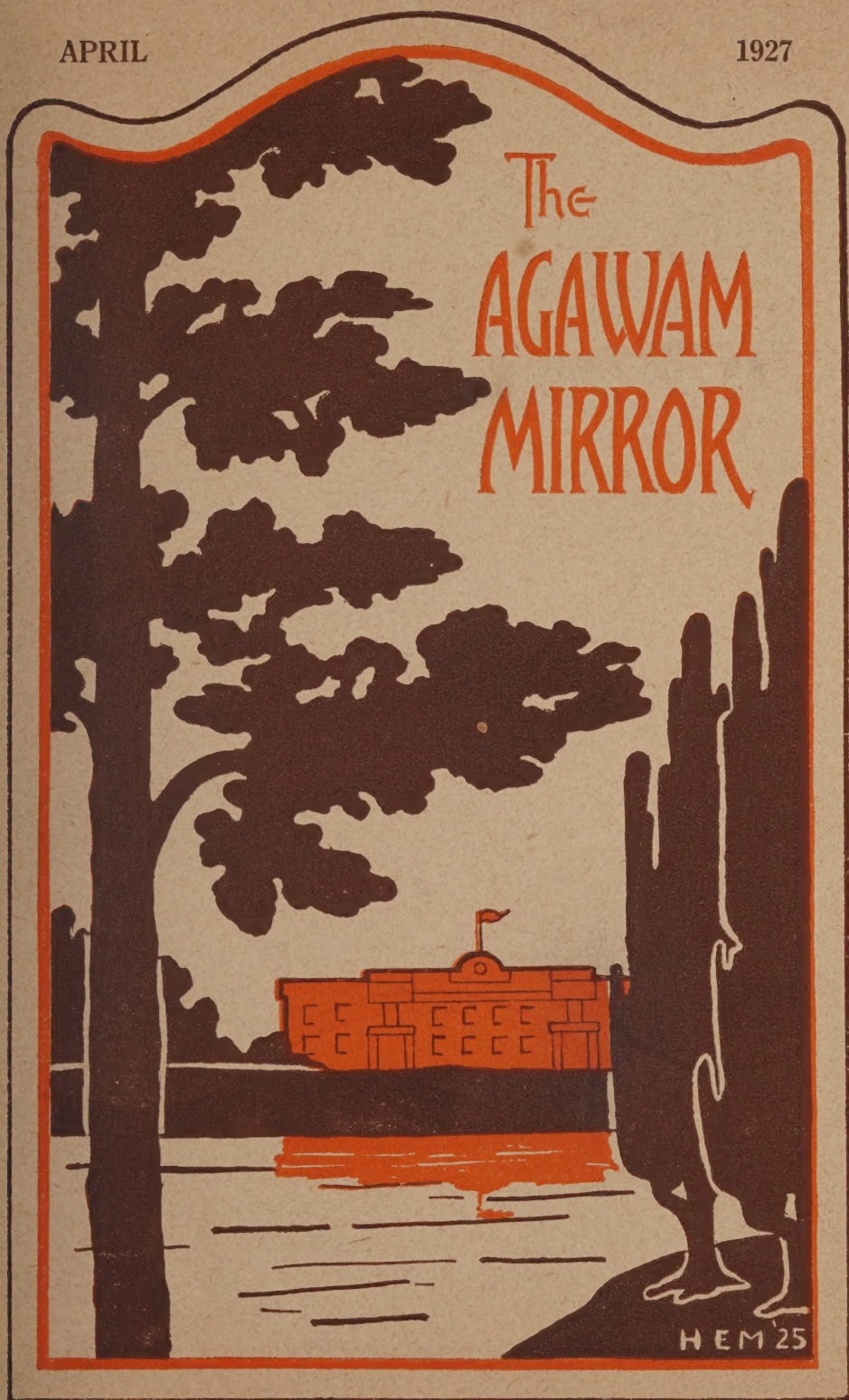


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The Lucky Stone

By E. STEBBINS '28

BECKY had been sitting for many minutes before her dressing table trying on hats, but none pleased her. Opening one of the drawers in the table, she rummaged among a bright assortment of silks until her fingers touched a square object, a small mother-of-pearl jewelry box. Fumbling among many rings, bracelets, and chains, she picked out several rings and tried them on, one at a time and sat studying her reflection in the mirror. With a sigh, mumbling, "Too cheap," she flung them into the box.

"Elinor, what are you doing this after, and what do you intend to wear?" Becky called from the doorway.

Elinor, curled up in the window seat looked over her shoulder at Becky. "I intend to drive out with the girls to a country inn for tea and bridge. As to my dress, I had planned to wear my yellow crepe—it's so comfortable to drive in."

"Fine, you couldn't have suited me better," replied haughty Becky. "If you are having tea out in some hick place, you don't care about wearing your ruby ring, so I think I'll wear it. I am booked for an afternoon canoeing with Brent Parsons. You remember the time I wore your diamond, he—. Why Elinor! Your jewelry case is locked. First time I noticed it had a lock."

"Yes, it's locked. And I intend it shall be locked hereafter and see if I can keep track of my remaining pieces of jewelry. By the way, I fail to find my two slave bracelets that Gertrude got from an old woman in Nevada. The ivory beads Auntie brought me from Italy seem to be with the missing, not to mention some lesser pieces you have had on your dainty person."

Becky had sunk into a chair with her chin resting in her hands. Rising, she went to Elinor's side, "Gee, Sis, I've got to have some ring to wear this afternoon, Brent always remarks of my hands when I plunk the banjo. And what are hands without an

attractive ring? I'll bring your ring back before dinner, and put it in the case all shined. Come now, where's the key to the box?"

"Very well, if your friend likes you so much better adorned with jewels, let him buy them, for I mean what I just said about your future wants for my rings." Very earnestly, Elinor had stated her intentions, and after a glance at her sister who in a fit of rage passed into the next room, she continued her reading.

Becky was in the habit of getting what she wanted when she wanted it. Having given up hopes of moving her sister into loaning her ruby, Becky sought the next best. Glancing at her wrist, she found that Brent would undoubtedly come breezing in, within five minutes. Turning from the window where she had been pondering, she started for the door leading to the hall. At the front end of the house, she opened the door to her mother's room. Her mother, she knew, was not in the house. Becky moved to the dresser, and opening the purple-lined silver case, she picked up a large ring. The stone was a milky white, set in a wide band of gold. Slipping the ring on her finger, Becky smiled at the pleasing reflection in the glass. She wanted to wear that particular ring. She was reasoning, "Mother will not return home until after I have come in from canoeing and have had time to place the ring back in it's case. No one will know I have worn it. Oh! here's Brent's car coming up the drive!" With the ring still on her finger, she hurried down the stairs to meet her friend.

Becky filled Brent's arms with pillows. She carried the banjo and a bright Japanese parasol. Thus loaded, they started down the path through the garden to the edge of the lake. Brent lined the bottom of the canoe with pillows and carefully slid it into the water. Becky, self-consciously, arranged herself among the pillows with a

box of Chocolates at her right elbow, and with the opened parasol across her shoulder. Brent dipped the paddle, and they shot out into the rippling water. The canoe glided along the shaded shore, where the water was clear enough to see schools of tiny brown fish against the white pebbled bottom. Becky strummed soft, dreamy music on the banjo. Brent, charmed at the fascinating picture she made curled up among the bright pillows, noticed the grace with which she played, her long, slim, white fingers sliding from one chord to another.

"Don't tell me you spend all your time at the club, Little One, for I know you didn't learn to play that music at any clubhouse. If they have banjos in heaven, you'll be leader of the players." Later, "Haven't you added a new ring to your collection? It's the oddest, but the prettiest you've sported."

"Oh! You noticed it then? I think it's a beautie, but the toughest part of it is that it belongs to mother. It is a family heirloom and has quiet a history," explained Becky.

"Do tell, I must examine it, and hear its history."

The ring was a wide band of gold in which a large, rough-surfaced, milky white stone was held in place by four small claws. While Brent examined the ring, Becky told of its past. "When mother's Grandpa was a young man, he went to Africa with a friend who was a doctor. While Friend Doctor was home for a visit, a tribe of natives were taken sick with a terrible fever. The natives were dreadfully afraid the chief would die and so they sent for the 'white medicine man.' When the chief was improving, the young doctor visited the other huts and in the end most of the people who had been sick recovered. To pay for saving the chief's life, our relative was presented with the clan's ring which they called the 'Lucky Stone.' Of course, you can see why we value it so! Mother rarely wears it, and has forbidden us girls the privilege."

"But you have it on today!"

"Yes, I suppose it is wrong to have taken it. Mother wasn't home and won't be until dinner time, so I can put it back before she comes, and she'll never know I've had it."

Later, when the canoe had been turned upside down on the wharf, they sat chatting until Brent had to hurry away to keep an

appointment with his mother. "What a happy, happy afternoon it has been," Becky thought as she stopped on the way to the house to pick some roses for her room.

With two thoughts in mind, she hurried up the stairs to her room. "I must take care of these flowers before they wilt," she was thinking, "and how glad I'll be to get this ring in its box." She fingered the ring with her free hand confirming her knowledge of its presence.

Standing before her mother's mirror she admired herself, holding the bunch of roses affectedly. Suddenly she stared at her right hand. She raised the hand; she turned ghastly white; she trembled. The gold band was still on her finger, but the white stone was gone! She heard her mother's voice talking to her little brother. They were coming up the stairs! Like a flash, the picture of her mother, if she should see the ring with the stone gone, went through Becky's mind. She could not face her mother and tell her the truth. Opening the jewelry box, she placed the ring in the corner, with the empty setting pushed down into the velvet lining. As her mother entered the room, Becky was placing the roses in a bowl on the dresser. "How glad I am I had those roses!" Becky thought as she fled to her own room and threw herself across the bed. She was not crying, she could not. She was in a panic. What could she do? Where could she have lost the stone? Would her mother notice the stone was missing? Should she tell her mother before dinner? Or in the morning? She decided it would be best to wait until morning. That would give her time to hunt for the stone.

While the family was dressing for dinner, Becky went to her father's den and called up Brent and asked him to come over within twenty minutes. Brent could come.

As Elinor went through her room, Becky complained of a headache and said she wasn't going down to dinner. When the family was settled at the table, Becky slipped out of the house and along the drive to meet Brent.

They searched, and they searched.

"Becky, the only way I can see of getting out of this without telling your mother, is to buy another stone and have it reset," suggested Brent when they returned to his car.

"But, how could I get another stone like that? There isn't another anywhere; and

besides, it would cost so much I wouldn't dare send the bill to Dad."

"I have it, Lady. Last winter the old gent gave me the money for a car. I had a chance to buy this roadster, second hand. Perhaps you didn't know it before, but by doing that I saved over five hundred dollars. Now, tomorrow morning, I'll skip down to the bank and get this money, and we'll go and buy an imitation Lucky Stone."

"I couldn't think of letting you pay for my carelessness, Brent. I suppose this is my punishment for taking what I knew I shouldn't," sobbed Becky, "but I must be back in my room before the folks leave the table, or they will suspect something is wrong."

"Don't worry over this, Becky. I'll come over in the morning with the money, anyway, and you can plan on getting another stone. Where shall I meet you?" asked the comforting fellow.

For a moment Becky couldn't think what to do. If she couldn't get an imitation it meant telling her mother of the loss, and it didn't seem as if she could ever do that. If she could borrow the money from Brent, for six months she could save her allowance and with some extra from Aunt Helen she could pay him back. With this plan in mind, she agreed to meet Brent in the garden at eleven the next morning.

It was a sleepless night for Becky. She had fought hard with the plan of buying an imitation stone with Brent's money. The objections were many. It would be deceiving her mother with a fake Lucky Stone, and perhaps this would bring her bad luck. She, herself, would always have that falsehood to darken her life. The idea of using Brent's money was a childish way of getting around the mistake. No, she must tell mother. She would tell her the very first thing in the morning. Then she tried to sleep. It was useless. Over and over again she traced her steps over the ground travelled while she wore the ring. She would hunt again as soon as daylight came. If she did not find it she must tell her mother before she discovered the loss. Toward morning she slept. It was breakfast-time when she awoke. When she sat down alone at the breakfast table she had firmly decided to tell her mother all about it. But at her place was a note from her mother saying she had been called to Grandma Earl's because

of the old lady's illness. Here was another problem for Becky. Should she write her mother, or wait her return? The letter would only make more worrying for her mother.

Her little brother sat on the porch reading a story book, but when Becky appeared he jumped up and cried, "Oh Beck, will you read me this story. There are such long words I can't read it myself?"

Becky was very fond of Gerald.

"Let's go out in the garden where all the birds and flowers are," pleaded Gerald.

So Brent found them, Becky sitting on a marble bench reading to the boy nestled up beside her.

"Good morning folks, may I listen to your story?" greeted Brent.

"I don't feel like reading any more." Becky handed the book to Gerald who turned over to another story, and attempted to read for himself.

"Here's the money, Becky." Brent reached into his inside coat, poked, and pulled out a roll of bills and held them out to Becky.

"I'm sorry you drew the money out, for I cannot use it."

Just at this moment Gerald slammed the book together and looking up saw the bills in Brent's extended hand.

"Is that real money, and all yours?" asked Gerald looking up at the older fellow.

"That's what it is, Gerry, old man."

"Say, Brent, what do you carry around with you to have such luck?"

"Carry around to have luck?" repeated Brent, "what do you mean?"

"Well, I knew a boy who carried a rabbit's foot to have luck," answered Gerald in a sincere voice, "and in a story I just read, the boy carried a white stone in his pocket and was always lucky. I thought you must carry something for luck to have all the money. I'm always going to carry a white stone in my pocket for luck."

"You say you carry a stone for luck, boy?" asked Brent.

"Sure thing," answered Gerald, "I found a dandy yesterday on the beach—just as white as snow." Gerald reached into his pocket and drew out his white stone. Both Becky and Brent leaned over to look at it. Becky took it eagerly from Gerald's palm and stared at it. Becky was thinking fast.

(Continued on page 20)

Three Different Youths

By THELMA GEMME

IT was a terrible day. The wind blew and howled, and the air was filled with a flurry of tiny, white snow flakes.

Harry, a chubby youth with a double chin, a snub nose and merry, twinkling, blue eyes, was as near to the roaring fire as he could possible get. He sat on a large cushioned chair with his feet resting on a padded foot-stool, and ate nuts as fast as he could crack them.

Tom, a pale, tall, slim lad with a very high and broad forehead, sat near the fire also. On the floor near him was a pile of books and magazines, and he was deeply interested in Shakespear's "As you like it."

Jack, a broad shouldered, husky boy with a broad square chin, stood by the window. His large, light eyes were watching the snow and wind quarrel and chase each other.

Every once-in-a-while, Harry would toss a nut shell at Tom's book and laugh, but never once did Tom raise his eyes from the book. Then with a "Say fellows, did you hear this one yet?" Harry would proceed into a meaningless joke which was either green with age or an original one of his own makeup. Evidently no one received any benefit from it but himself, as he would laugh alone after it.

Jack gave a disgusted look at Harry and sighed, "Say fellows! I should think you'd be roasted near that fire, why I'm half baked 'way over here. I'll tell you what I'm going to do in just a minute," and off he scooted after his sweater and snow-shoes. "Say Harry! why don't you air yourself out and come along? You'd probably reduce if you did exercise yourself once in a while."

"Ha-Ha-Ha! So you think I'm fat, why I never thought I was, I thought I was just pleasingly plump. By the way, throw over another one of those cushions, will you? I just don't feel quite comfortable; and say, while you're about it would you mind bringing in that cake from the pantry, I think I'll begin to eat."

"Eat! Why say, you've kept the fire up for the last two hours with those nut shells,

but anyway I'll accomodate you this time. I feel bad for such people as you. Thank goodness that the Vital type was never used in making up my character; I think I'd do something desperate if I had your idea of living."

"Never mind wasting your compliments Jack, because you can't get me mad; I'm perfectly satisfied with myself. Why, if I was of the Motive Type like you, I'd bury myself in a snow drift one of these days. You and Tom make me laugh. Ha, Ha-Ha, Ha!" and good natured Harry buried his round face in his arms. "Ask Tom, he's a good sport."

"What do you say, Tom? How about a little exercise? Be a sport for once in your life."

"What are you raving about," mumbled Tom. "Don't try any of that stuff on me, mister, because it just won't go. Some day you'll be brought in, in pieces. First, it's baseball and swimming; then, football; and now it's hockey and snow shoeing,—what on earth will be next? Now if you'd just sit down and do something sensible, for instance, discuss this book I'm reading, I might agree with you once in a while; but I suppose you must do as you please. I never saw or heard of such people as you and Harry before."

"Well then, I guess I'll just skip away and leave you with your books, and Harry with his eats. Some day you'll wake up and find out you've been leading the wrong kind of life. A little of that stuff is all right, but you'll never live to be an old man on just that—why, a good blast of wind would blow you over now. What'll you be a couple of years from now? I'll just go over the hills and come back in a few hours with an enormous appetite, but an appetite that will do me good—not one like Harry always has."

So Jack slammed the door, and faced the storm; Tom settled back in his chair and continued his pursuit of Shakespeare; and Harry kept on eating and grinning at even intervals.

EDITORIALS

APRIL

BALMY breezes now blow caressingly over Mother Earth. Blue birds, returned from warmer climes, pour out their joyful soul in melodious, lilting songs. The warm, golden sun, with all of his regiment of sunbeams, sends forth volleys of light upon brooklets that a few weeks ago were held ice-bound by King Winter. The hoary ruler, grown feeble with age, resisted in vain the penetrating sunbeams. His chill, bony fingers finally relaxed their hold upon the streams, and he was conquered. Then the brooks, released from their bondage, sprang forth into their newly found freedom, bubbling joyfully, like children allowed to wander at will, and they now rush merrily through the meadows, singing in delight.

Our hearts, like the ice-bound streams, have melted in the gently persuasive sunbeams. For a time, at least, we are forgetting our worldly troubles. The gurgling brooklets have a mysterious, alluring call that is difficult to ignore. Wanderlust seizes us, and it is easy to forget responsibilities or duties.

How easy it is now, while physically present with Cicero and Euclid, to be wandering in fancy along grassy meadows!

We are seated comfortably on the bank of a silver stream. Billowy clouds float idly by, and are mirrored in the water. Occasionally comes the sweet call of a bird as he flits from tree to tree. With eager fingers, we pluck a fat, juicy worm from the rusty tin can. Breathlessly, we place the wriggling, squirming object on the hook. With a sweep, we cast the line out into the cool, refreshing water. We wait patiently for a long, long time. But for once, we do not mind being patient, basking in the sun, in a kind of lazy, drowsy stupor. Suddenly, we feel a jerky tugging at our hook. Our heart beats violently, so violently that our hands tremble. At the climax of our ecstasy, just as we are about to jerk the line out of the water, an admonishing voice comes from somewhere, and we are awakened with a jolt from our happy, care-free exploit of

fishing by a voice that brings disconcerting visions of final examinations and June report cards.

V. Brown

BOOKS WE LIKE TO READ

For writing this article, I have consulted thirty members of the Senior-Junior classes, as I considered this number a fairly good cross-section of the upper classmen. The questions put before them were:

1. Who is your favorite author or authors?
2. What setting do you prefer in stories? (Northern, western, foreign, college, etc.)
3. What magazine do you read outside of school?
4. Do you find much time to read?

James Oliver Curwood's stories are the most popular. With 47% he is the favorite author. Zane Grey's stories rank second with a 30% rating. The stories of J. E. Rath come third with a 14% rating. Other authors mentioned were Lutz, Gene Stratton Porter, Temple Bailey, and Ethel Dell.

In regard to the settings of the stories, 47% prefer western settings. Northern stories have second choice with a 20% rating. A few of the students mentioned college settings, mysteries, and tragedies. The northern and western settings are liked because they are considered to be true to life.

When the same group were consulted as to the magazines they read they mentioned the following: *Liberty*, *The American*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Scholastic*, and *The Red Book*. These are read out of school and have nothing to do with school work.

When this survey was being made all the pupils questioned were very busy with school work, and were doing little reading. However, I found out that during the summer vacation sixteen of the thirty questioned read an average of four books per week. Now that we are back to our studies there is not much outside reading of books by the popular authors. What is done, is done in connection with school requirements.

Mary Bruso, '28.

JUNIOR-HIGH PAGE

The Leaders' Club

By MAE NOVELLI

The Leaders' Club was organized by two committees, the building inspectors and the traffic officers who needed help to make matters smooth in the Junior High School. At the advice of Mr. Quirk, faculty adviser, the committees invited all the officers in each class-room to a meeting in the assembly hall.

There were twenty members at the first meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Frank Larson; Vice President, Guido Rovelli; Secretary, Donald Parker; Treasurer, Miss Barnes. The president elected a membership committee at once to secure more members. It was decided to name this organization the Leaders' Club because it was to be made up of all the leaders of each class in the Junior High School.

Gradually other committees were organized and they have done much in trying to keep order in the Junior High School. Some of the important committees, are the lunchroom committee which keeps order in the lunchroom; the locker room committee sees that all lockers are closed and no clothes are left around; the traffic officers, who conduct the people in the halls, and the building inspectors, who see that all class rooms are kept clean. Each committee has its chief and assistant chief who rules over each committee.

There have been just a few people who have disobeyed the laws and they were punished. The pledge which each person entering the Leaders' Club must sign is this: A member of the Agawam Leaders' Club must be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, respectful, cheerful, thrifty, brave and clean.

The Leaders' Club meets every Wednesday of each week to hold a business meeting.

Twice a month a committee is elected to give entertainments which consist of musical selections, and readings given by members of the Leaders' Club. After this program there are moving pictures for the whole Junior High School.

The Leaders' Club has a pin which is the shape of an arrow head. This is an emblem by which the members of the club may be recognized. On the pin is the date of the year in which the pupil leaves the Junior High School, and A. L. C. which stands for Agawam Leaders' Club. Each member may buy a pin when he enters.

The present officers are: President, Clarence Daly; Vice President, Eva La Fluer; Secretary, Ruel Knudson; Treasurer, Louise Caruso; and faculty adviser, Mr. Quirk.

There are now about one hundred and fifty members in the Leaders' Club.

ON THE OLD TRAIL

BEAUTIFUL wild flowers,
Giant oaks,
Pretty butterfly bowers;
And frogs' hoarse croaks,
Hear the cooing of the mother quail,
'Tis twilight on the old trail.

Everything glistens,
In the setting sun;
A squirrel stops and listens,
Then, on he runs.
All is calm over hill and dale,
'Tis the hour of rest on the old trail.

The moon begins to rise,
Just over the hill,
The flowers close their sleepy eyes,
All is beautiful and still.
O'er the scene the mist forms a veil,
All is asleep on the old trail.

Pearl Bean 9-1

Officers of Leaders' Club



RUEL KNUDSON,
Secretary



LOUISE CARUSO,
Treasurer



CLARENCE DALY,
President



EVA LAFLEUR
Vice President

MILTON AND SENIOR ENGLISH

RECENTLY, after the completion of the study of Milton's minor poems, members of the Senior English Class were asked to make a written statement as to whether they *honestly* had enjoyed the study of the poems, or vice versa. Nothing was at stake in either decision, for the pupils were not to be graded on their replies. The following report was received: Sixteen students decidedly liked the poems; four did not like them; four others were uncertain as to whether they enjoyed them or not. Seven who liked the poems stated that they preferred *L'Allegro* and two preferred *Il Penseroso*.

IL PENSEROSO ON A SUMMER EVENING

SUMMER evenings tend to bring on a pensive mood, and a desire for solitude. It is pleasant to rest in a hammock and watch the sun disappear in the west, leaving the bright clouds looking gray and drab.

The croaking of distant frogs mingles with the chirping of nearby crickets.

If there has been a rain, the delightful odor of fresh green grass blends with the fragrance of the ramblers.

In these moods, a companion, unless it is my white collie, is disturbing. But Teddie is not annoying. Occasionally, he shifts his position to a more comfortable one, and settles down to a quiet doze again.

And I wonder where my friends are. Are they spending the evening in the same manner that I am? Perhaps they would not enjoy it, as I do. Sometimes, I think of the people in the crowded, noisy cities, and I pity them.

Mary Holmes, '27.

MY L'ALLEGRO MOOD

WHEN I am in my *L'Allegro* mood, I feel at peace with everybody. Everything seems to go just right. Ideas spout with no trouble at all. These ideas usually are ones of mirth or jollity.

In the winter, this mood is governed by quietness and peace, so that the calm serenity of the brisk, cold weather is not disturbed.

As the winter glides into spring, I feel this mood turn to reckless thoughts to match the carefree breezes of spring.

When spring mellows into summer, a gradual tempering of the reckless thoughts of spring takes place, and then my thoughts take on the staid solidity of the dreamy, peaceful autumn of pleasure.

Preston Leonard, '27.

A L'ALLEGRO MORNING

THE sun is shining through the vines at my window. It appears like a great half-circle all on fire. Everything looks cool and fresh. Tiny dewdrops sparkle in the sun. The whole meadow seems to give off a white light from these dewdrops.

A breeze brings the scent of wild flowers to my window.

A red squirrel sends out his grinding chatter, as he dashes up and down the branches. Many birds sing as they seek their morning meal. I, too, start the morning in a *L'Allegro* mood.

Patsy Kaskaski, '28.

IL PENSEROSO

SOMETIMES, when I seem to have lost faith in humanity in general, and in those things so dear to life, I like to seek solitude, or to dwell in that which Milton calls the "*Il Penseroso*" mood. It matters not where I go—out in the fields, under the stars; strolling a lonely path, with only the misty moonbeams for a guide; gazing into a fireplace, piled high with logs, the bluish smoke rising into the air, forming weird shapes in its flight; or, plunged deeply into some book of poetry or prose—provided I am undisturbed in my reverie.

When I am in this mood, I like to dwell upon the vital problems of life—it's meaning, our creation, our existence in this world, our ending, or is it another beginning,—and then? If someone has done me an injustice, or if I am in a spirit of disdain or hatred, some subtle force seems to creep into my very heart, erasing all prejudices, easing all pain—a mysterious power that lifts me above the sordid, material things of life, and I am borne on soft, feathery wings to a land that has no thought of the petty, trivial matters that we mortals contend

(Continued on Page 20)

SCHOOL NOTES

IN THE CLASSROOM

The teachers in both the Senior High School and the Junior High School are exercising some very original plans to stimulate the interest of the pupils.

In the algebra classes, Miss Smith keeps a graph on which the marks of the daily tests are recorded, the boys versus the girls. The higher the class average, the longer the line. The boys are keeping well in the lead.

Miss McIntire has a new method of keeping a record of the progress of type-writing speed. On her desk she keeps a chart with the names of the students down one side and the numbers from 30 to 88 across the top. Beside each name is a short pin with a round head one-eighth inch in diameter. Whenever a person takes a fifteen minute test and increases her speed, with four errors or less, the little pin beside her name takes a hop forward. The Seniors have green headed pins, the Juniors red, and the Sophomores black. The chart has the appearance of an old fashioned garden, filled with little straight-stemmed flowers.

Miss Ward's classes in history are showing surprising ability in drawing cartoons. These cartoons represent different periods and social parties which must be remembered. This method is not only intriguing, but is proving very effective in impressing the facts on the mind of the pupil.

Mr. Smith believes that differing tastes of boys and girls for experimenting, in connection with Freshman General Science, should be given consideration. Therefore he, on one day of each week, separates boys and girls for laboratory work.

In one corner of Miss Sullivan's room is a miniature store which is used in the class work. The counter is piled high with boxes to which various prices are attached. The students take turns playing the part of wholesale merchant, storekeeper, and customer. They do retail and wholesale buying,

make invoices and average profits. This method helps to make the art of buying and selling clear. It is very much enjoyed by the classes.

Mrs. Phillips has hit upon a plan to make the History and Geography papers of her seventh and eighth grade English classes more legible. If anyone submits a paper to the geography or the history teachers, that is in any way incorrect in either spelling, penmanship, or punctuation, it is returned to the English room. The number of papers returned are recorded on a chart. The divisions are having a race in keeping records clean.

Miss Lynch is teaching her classes the fundamentals of banking by letting them act out the problems. Different ones take the part of teller, clerk, and depositor; fill out checks and drafts; and go through all the formality of genuine banking. As would be expected, the scholars are enthusiastic about the whole plan.

Miss Bugbee is doing her best to help her classes to read good, interesting books. Once or twice a week she goes to the Public Libraries and takes out twenty or more books, brings them to the school, and piles them on a corner table. A student selects the book he wants most to read, charges it to himself, and returns it after it has been read. The books are not used in school hours except on occasions. The pupils who live a long distance from the town libraries appreciate, even more than others, Miss Bugbee's kindness in getting these books for them.

'26 CLASS PARTY

The class of '26 held a party in the school gymnasium Wednesday, March 9. The evening was spent playing games and dancing, after which refreshments were served. Miss Smith and Miss Ward of the faculty were the chaperones.

V. Brown

BASKETBALL BANQUETS

The people of Agawam have been very generous to the basketball teams this year. In token of the appreciation of the good work done by the teams, three banquets have been given them.

The first banquet was given the boys on February 5, by Mr. Leo Roy of North Agawam, at the Bismark Hotel in Westfield.

The second was given to the same team on March 5, by Mr. Harry Abell, and Mr. Roy Bailey of Agawam, at the Highland Hotel in Springfield.

On March 12, the girls' basketball team was given a banquet in the Highland Hotel, but the name of the host or hostess is as yet unknown. Those who have succeeded in discovering the name are keeping their secret well.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

A new Commercial Club, called the Alpha Beta Gamma, has been organized. All the Alumni, and the present Senior and Junior classes, who take two or more commercial subjects, are charter members. The commercial Sophomores, with a "B" standing, are also members. After this year, the club will be on a purely scholastic basis and no one may belong without an average of "B" in all major subjects. The dues are fifty cents a year.

The officers are as follows:

Faculty Advisor.....	Miss C. L. McIntire
President.....	Marion Scannel '24
Vice President.....	Evelyn Duclos '27
Secretary.....	Vivian Brown '27
Treasurer.....	Caroline Novelli '24

REPORT OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council of the Senior High School was formed early in the school year with representatives from each class. Action has been taken toward keeping the boys' basement in order; stopping the boys from congregating at the bridge during recess; and excuses being written by classmates. At a suggestion from the Council, a new flag was bought for the flag pole on the building. The question of eating in places other than the lunch room was talked over at one of the meetings. It was voted that the tables be brushed off before our noon hour with the idea of making the lunch room a little more inviting. Action was also taken

against pupils wearing unearned letters. It is hoped that there will be a better understanding between the pupils and the council so that the school will receive more benefits from its Student Council.

Alumni

ENGAGED

Edith Smith '24, has announced her engagement to Earl Channell of Agawam. Edith is at present in the office of The Springfield Telephone Exchange. A little bird told us that a cozy nest on River Road is being built, and that the furniture has been delivered. Edith will admit nothing. But surely the wedding bells will be ringing soon.

The engagement of Beatrice Daley '25 to Leonard Johnson of Agawam has been announced. We have noticed early spring housecleaning in a certain house on Elm Street, and we have reason to believe that before this is printed Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will be occupying said house.

The engagement of Elizabeth Marsh '24 to Elton Halladay of Suffield, Conn., has also been announced.

MAYBELLE KENNEDY HONORED

Maybelle Kennedy '25, is eligible to the special honors plan at Smith College. The sophomores on this list have attained an average of B or above in all their studies. If Maybelle accepts the privilege it will mean no classes, no daily assignments, and no exams until the end of the Senior year. But, at this time a series of examinations covering the two year's work must be taken. She will, however, work under the direction of a professor with whom she has a conference each week.

Lucille Crouss '26, has returned from wintering in Clermont, Florida. She says that she had a delightful time. On the way back by auto, she visited the famous Endless Caverns in Virginia.

Mrs. Marjorie Fay Sommerman '24, has a baby daughter, Jean Fay Sommerman.

Mrs. Helen McLaughlin Grady '24, also has a baby daughter.



BOYS' BASKETBALL A SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Ware at Agawam

The Ware quintet invaded Agawam for our first league game of the season. Agawam was master of every situation. When the final whistle blew it marked the first time that an Agawam High quintet was victorious over a Ware combination. The score was: Agawam 29, Ware 14.

Agawam at Enfield

Agawam journeyed to Enfield on the evening of January 14. The Agawam quintet displayed fine form and downed Homer Allen's quintet by a score of 54-13. Consolati and Reynolds, Agawam's forwards, made 35 points between them.

Springfield Tech at Agawam

January 21 marked the second time that a Springfield public school ventured to Agawam's court. The game was hard fought throughout. With only fifteen seconds to go, Wallace won the game for Agawam on a pretty shot from the center of the floor. The result: Agawam 16, Tech 15.

Palmer at Agawam

On January 28, Palmer threw a scare into the Agawam camp. They were leading 10 to 3 at half time. Agawam came back in the second half, and trounced them 24-16.

Agawam at West Springfield

Many fans followed the undefeated Agawam team to West Springfield. Agawam led throughout. Consolati and Pond were

high scorers for Agawam and Parent starred for West Springfield. The score: Agawam 25, West Springfield 16.

Pittsfield at Agawam

On February 1, Agawam tasted the sting of defeat at the hands of Pittsfield. The lead changed hands several times. Pittsfield finally became master of the situation by a score of 15 to 13.

Agawam at Ware

In one of the most exciting games of the year, Agawam overturned Ware by the score of 22 to 17. With three minutes to go Agawam was in the rear by four points. But the Agawam boys kept their spirit and sent their followers and their coach home happy.

Enfield at Agawam

Enfield played Agawam a return game on February 18. Agawam's second team played most of this game. It was easily won by Agawam. The score: Agawam 32, Enfield 6.

West Springfield at Agawam

On February 22, West Springfield and Agawam renewed their rivalry. West Springfield's power was soon overcome by Coach Smith's boys. The final score: Agawam 34, West Springfield 6.

Agawam at Stafford Springs

Agawam played in Stafford Springs band-box on February 25. It was an exciting game. Agawam was in the rear until the last few minutes. Nevertheless, they were victorious. The score: Agawam 22, Stafford Springs 19.

Agawam at Palmer

March 4 marked the last game on Agawam's schedule. The season was closed in the best manner, Agawam trouncing Palmer 41 to 23. Consolati made 14 points for Agawam.

The basketball season was the best ever enjoyed at the high school. Agawam was victorious 13 times in 14 attempts. Notable victories were won from Springfield Tech, Adams, Pittsfield and Ware.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

John Fitch High at Agawam

Agawam easily conquered John Fitch High on January 7. Agawam was master all the way. Audrey Phillips made 22 points for Agawam. The score: Agawam 27, John Fitch High 14.

Agawam at John Fitch High

Agawam was handicapped by a poor playing surface in this game. We shall not blame all the defeat to this because Agawam was a bit off form. The score: John Fitch High 29, Agawam 20.

Ware at Agawam

Agawam showed its strength by winning a hard fought game from Ware on January 21. The game was not decided until the last minutes. Agawam finally won. Agawam 12, Ware 9.

Palmer at Agawam

January 27 saw Agawam topple a strong Palmer aggregation to the tune of 16-8. Agawam displayed fine pass work.

Agawam at West Springfield

In a very exciting and hard fought game, Agawam was overcome by West Springfield, 28-27. It was close every inch of the way.

Agawam at Ware

With Agawam's pass work at the height of form, they finally conquered Ware in a hard fought game. It was a notable victory. The score: Agawam 16, Ware 14.

Suffield at Agawam

Agawam easily conquered a strong Suffield team. Agawam showed fine team play. The score: Agawam 24, Suffield 7.

West Springfield at Agawam

This victory partly redeemed a defeat suffered at the hands of West Springfield, earlier in the season. Agawam's forwards were in rare form. They made 31 points. The score: Agawam 31, West Springfield 17.

Agawam at Suffield

Agawam continued its winning ways at Suffield. Agawam started with a rush but Suffield kept fighting, until she tied the score with but a minute to go. A basket and a foul in this last minute won for Agawam. The score: Agawam 19, Suffield 16.

Agawam at Palmer

The last and most exciting game of the year was also a victory for the Agawam maidens. The never-give-up way of Agawam finally conquered 17-16.

The season was a great success for the Agawam girls. They lost only two games all season. Agawam had one of the finest girls' team in this vicinity.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 29	Agawam at Stafford Springs.
May 6	Enfield at Agawam.
May 9	Agawam at Ware.
May 10	Stafford Springs at Agawam.
May 13	Agawam at Palmer.
May 18	W. Springfield at Agawam.
May 20	Ware at Agawam.
May 24	Agawam at Enfield.
June 1	Palmer at Agawam.
June 3	W. Springfield at Agawam.

With the coming of Spring, our thoughts are now turned to the diamond. A large number of boys reported to Coach Smith at the first practice session. After two weeks of hard practice the following lineup has been given:

Outfielders: Paro, Channell, Consolati, Dupuis, and Fortini.

Infielders: Canegallo, Rovelli, Johnson, Houlahan and Abell.

Pitchers: Roy, Dugan and Pedulla.

Catchers: Reynolds, Bodman, and Waniewski.

Other yanigans are: J. Reynolds, Hastings, Merrell, Crowley, and bat-boy Wilson.



Miss Ward (Ancient History Class): "Where were the best harbors of Greece found?"

Wiley: "On the sea coast."

Miss Button (Discussing Johnson's wife): "She had children old enough to be her sons."

Small Child: "Mama, who's that poor man running around there, that everybody's yelling at?"

Mother: "Hush, child. That's the cheer leader."—*Literary Digest*.

Warming Up Vermont

One of the finest country estates in Vermont, 14 buildings, 90 acres of meadows, and woodland. All heated with hot water, electricity, and gas.—*Literary Digest*.

Ferrarini in American History: "All slaves born at the age of 25 will be free."

D. Stedman (American History): "At this time, both Lincoln and Douglas were running for a seat in Congress."

Miss Crowley (at art exhibition): "Now if you'll all walk around the walls and look at the pictures—" Thinks we're human flies!

Miss Baker (passing out pens): "You'll find more in my top bureau drawer."

V. Brown in French Class: "She had flaxen eyebrows almost black."

The wife of a naval man handed the pastor this note: "Peter Bowers, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

The minister glanced over it hastily and announced: "P. Bowers, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."—*Exchange*.

Question (in Lab. Manual): "What color does the precipitate have to turn in this experiment?"

M. Johnson: "Cherry blue."

Teacher: "I suppose when you are type-writing and the 3.00 o'clock bell rings you stop in the middle of the word?"

Student: "Oh, when I see it is so close to 3:00 o'clock I don't start another word."

Mr. M. Smith (figuring the weight of a gold brick): "A piece of gold weighs 19 times as much as a piece of water of the same size."

It used to be that when Mr. Smith, our gym teacher, drove into the school yard in his Chevrolet everyone knew it by the sound. But—since he has bought that new Studebaker he slips in unnoticed by anyone.

Mr. M. Smith: "What kind of metal would you have to have in order for it to spring back in place?"

Dick: "Rubber."

Mabel J. (reading her own theme): "I saw a bunch of cows and, thinking I might have a good time, I jumped on the back of an old heifer."

E. Allen (watching hockey game): "Say, how many thirds are there to this game anyway?"

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges:
Commerce, Commerce High School, Springfield, Mass.

The Mass. Collegian, Mass. Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

The Spectator, Chicopee High School, Chicopee, Mass.

The Little Red Schoolhouse, Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

Red and White, Lake View High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Mangrove, St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

The Palmer, Palmer High School, Palmer, Mass.

Drury Academy, Drury Academy, North Adams, Mass.

The Exponent, Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

Blue and White, Vergennes High School, Vergennes, Vt.

The Signboard, Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

The Spotlight, South Hadley High School, South Hadley, Mass.

The Enfield Echo, Enfield High School, Thompsonville, Conn.

Red and Grey, Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

AS OTHERS SEE US

This magazine is noteworthy in that it embraces almost every activity and department of your school. The article on "What Shall I Read?" is especially interesting, catching the eye. It will be apt to appeal to many students.

Headings might be of a greater variety. The personal chatty element so present in all the work is well worth imitating as it gives the paper a universal appeal. The literary work is somewhat sketchy, and deserves a greater place in a book which is so well represented.

We are glad to have you on our exchange list and hope we will continue to receive your publication.—*Red and White*, Chicago, Illinois.

A very interesting little paper. We would like it better if you could put all of your advertisements in one place.—*The Blue and White*, Vergennes, Vermont.

The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.

The Homespun, Greensboro High School, Greensboro, Mass.

The Helios, Central High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Orange Peels, Orange High School, Orange, Mass.

The Towers, Notre Dame High School, Notre Dame, Maryland.

TO MAGGIE TULLIVER

A DULY resisting mass of hair.
 How thick those black locks were!
 One delicious grinding snip—
 And there lay the locks so fair!
 Spurred by a sense of satisfaction and freedom,
 Eager to view the result of her daring,
 A look in the glass turned the flushed cheeks pale,
 And awoke the echoes of a passionate wail.
 How sad that passion should take the lead,
 And influence this regretful deed,
 Cause lips to tremble, tears to fall,
 Proclaiming the grief of the maiden small.
 Helpless and despairingly, she sat
 Among the tangled locks,
 How terrible this seemd to be
 To the little spitfire of three,
 While too trivial—to you and me.

Doris Phelps, '27.

Pupil (not pronouncing his words carefully) "Is the ink filler here?"

Miss Bugbee (misunderstanding): "He is not in this room."

EVENING

'TIS evening! See, the golden sun
 Has set beyond the hill,
 And soon the world will be asleep
 While all is calm and still.

The white moon rises still and young,
 And breaks thro' dark'ning clouds;
 Bright stars like tiny lamps are hung,
 To chase away night's shrouds.

Mary Hunter 8-3

SPRING RAIN

WHAT a terrible night it was! Dark, oh, so dark! There was no moon to light the way along that hard paved road, and no autos to make the walk seem more friendly and civilized. The air, damp and muggy, was the atmosphere of the ancient prisons of the countries in Europe. The rain came down in torrents. The drops seemed to fall and land, like mercury, spreading into one large mass on the slippery road. Heavily and constantly they kept beating upon our heads in a song-like fashion, forming a crude rhythm.

My clothing seemed just actually glued to my body.

My dress of heavy pongee had a sickish odor. I felt as though I was walking with my bare feet into puddles of water, as my shoes were just filled with it, and when I walked I could hear it slosh around inside them. My companions were in the same predicament. There was very little conversation between us with the exception of a few remarks like "My new hat is ruined," "I'm glad you brought an umbrella." Some such phrases were said with misery, while others rejoiced over the rain; but the progress up the street was very slow, as there was only one umbrella for six of us.

"Well, thank goodness home is in view!" Didn't it seem good to see the lights in the rooms sending a warm glow out on the lawn? Didn't it seem great to know that in the kitchen was a stove with a nice roaring fire? Did it? Well, I guess it certainly did.

D. G. Parker, '30

PRONOUNCING R'S

ONCE there was a boy who could not pronounce the letter *r*. The teacher, who was trying to aid him in the mastering of this art, gave him this sentence: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare."

The boy thought a while, and then said: "Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the slats for cooking the bunny so little."

Bion Wheeler, Grade 9.

A FRIGHT I'LL NEVER FORGET

ONE night last winter Dad and I were sitting by the stove. A terrible blizzard arose. The wind was howling around the house shaking all the windows. All of a sudden we heard a whistle in the sitting room. Dad looked at me and I looked at him. Up he jumped, and I after him, and we both ran into the sitting room.

Just as we got there, the whistle went into the parlor, so we followed it. When we got into the parlor, the whistle went outside. Of course we couldn't go outside on such a stormy night, so we contented ourselves by thinking it was the wind tht made that whistle. The next night we heard the same thing. We followed it into the sitting room and parlor, but then it went outside.

I went to bed with it on my mind and it took me a long time to go to sleep. After a while the whistle came again, so Dad and I decided to find out what it really was. As usual, it went into the sitting room and parlor, then it went outside.

We live right near a cemetery and of course the whistle went right through it, but still we followed. I imagined I saw ghosts walking all over the graves.

The whistle brought us way past the cemetery. Just as we jumped over a brook a ghost stood right in front of us and was just going to grab us when I screamed, and fell out of bed.

Eva Gaboury, 9-2

THE HERO OF THE NIGHT

IT was midnight, and the whole household was asleep. Everything was quiet except the wind outside.

Down in the kitchen, something was going on. A pair of eyes gleamed in the dark. A faint noise was heard, and the two eyes grew larger. The two eyes were watching the door, silently, ready to attack the intruder. Both were unarmed, neither of them carrying a revolver.

The owner of the two eyes viciously pounced upon the victim. A faint squeel echoed in the large house. Then, all was silent.

Ten minutes later when the maid happened to come down for a drink of water, she found the big black cat contentedly eating a small, gray mouse.

Roberta Hamilton, 8-3.

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(Continued from page 7)

Gerald must not know she wanted this stone.

Handing the stone to Brent she said, "That stone is pretty enough for a ring." Brent had thought of the same precaution. Looking over the boy's head, he caught the glance in Becky's eyes, and the words, "It's it," from her silent lips.

"I believe a white stone like this would bring as much luck as my white elephant. See this white elephant I have for a watch charm? You let me have your white stone, and you can have this elephant?"

Gerald was delighted. Only men carried an elephant for luck. My, how grown up he felt with this white elephant in his pocket!

"I think Hilda's ginger cookies are out of the oven by now, Gerald. Don't you want to run up to the house and get us some?"

Gerald moved his tongue in his mouth as if tasting the cookies, and started for the house.

"Oh, Brent, you don't know what a load is off my mind!"

Brent was turning the stone over and over in his hand.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! Mother is away. Grandma Earl is sick and she was called up there."

"That makes it fine for us. You can get the ring, and I'll have the stone reset before she comes back. Then no one will know it was ever lost."

(Continued from page 12)

with. There is no competition, no thought of that yellow demon, *gold*. A soft, rhythmic, exquisite music is played somewhere, and the place seems to be vibrating in harmony with the music.

And so, I am happy. For a time at least I have found peace and consolation. All of the little sins and weaknesses of humanity have sunk into nothingness. For me, it is a triumph of the soul over the body, for I have found communion with a great, ethereal power.

Vivian Brown, '27.

Fortunate Illness

At the end of the season, the girls' team challenged the teachers to a game of basketball. The girls were willing to play the game two weeks after their practice had ceased, agreeing not to touch a basketball during this span of time.

Two days after the teachers' first practice, Miss Button was taken ill. The teachers, feeling the loss of their star forward, asked the girls to cancel the game. The girls' squad was thankful to Miss Button for having taken such a time for her illness as they did not want to add a third defeat to their list.

Miss Jauch (in French): A quelle heure etes-vous arrivee, Mademoiselle?"

V. Brown (absent-mindedly): "Je suis arrivee a quinze heures." (fifteen o'clock).

Alice took Mary (Lamb?) to eat every day.

Miss Button talking to Helene Kaplinger who was taking the part of Cinna in Julius Caesar: "Wake up sinner (Cinna)."

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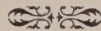
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PHONES

R. 118

R 173

Miss Jauch: "Josephine, decline the noun 'carmen'."

Josephine: "Oh, gee!"

Ike: "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

Mike: "You mean chase 'em back."

Ike: "No, I said trace."

Mike: "Well, there aren't but two kinds of things that live in trees, and you surely have no feathers on you."

There seems to be something missing in this sentence taken from the Independence (Kansas) *Daily Reporter*."

Mrs. Jewell sang a solo without the aid of the organ, which went to the bad early in the services, and the singing by the congregation was also without music.

Boy: "Father do you still grow taller?"

Father: "No, sonny."

Boy: "You must, because your head has pushed right up through your hair."

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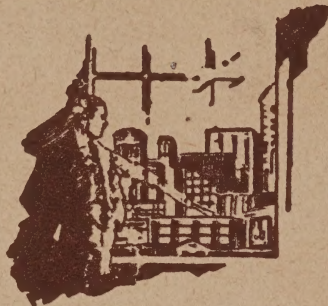
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